Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. : : : MISSOURI

ONE OF THE HEROES.

Here is a song of a hero:
He is one of the many whose names
Are not and never will be written
On the scroll we refer to as Fame's;
He has never rushed, cheering, to battle,
He has never plunged into the wave
To rescue a child or a woman,
Yet he ought to be named with the brave;
Each night he goes home to a scolding,
To hear the old story again
Of the talent he lacks and his failure
To claim the attention of men.

Each morning he goes to his duties
Still striving to win and still proud,
Still waiting for Fate to permit him
Some day to work up from the crowd;
Each day he goes patiently toiling
And sighing alone, if he sighs—
His sorrows are his and his only;
Hope still is agleam in his eyes;
In spite of the wearisome scolding
And grumbling he goes to at night,
He faces the world in the morning
As though all his dreams had been bright.

With never a mortal to praise him
For what he has done or has tried,
He still has an honest ambition
And still in his breast he has pride.
With never the hope of receiving
Approval at home he can still,
With his sorrows all carefully hidden,
Toil on with a conqueror's will;
So here is a song of a hero,
But one of the many whose names
Are not and will never be written
On the scroll we refer to-as Fame's.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Story of a Wild Adventure

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

"WHEN you were a boy," asked Helen, thoughtfully, "did you ever imagine things?"

"Eh?"

"Ever make-believe you were—what you weren't, you know—Jack-the-Giant-Killer, a Fairy Prince, King Arthur—"

"I used to make-believe I was a locomotive sometimes, and go choo, choo, choo," I replied with an effort.

"Oh!"

She seemed disappointed. I put my pipe back between my teeth and pulled my cap further over my eyes, yet not so far as to shut her out of vision. She was very lovely. She wore white things. Her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows—I could see the dimples occasionally—and her hat, a broad, flapping thing of white cloth with a scarf floating away from it, was getting very, very wet from the water that had splashed in the bottom of the boat. I wanted to warn her of this, but the sun was so jolly, the air so balmy, and I was so altogether comfortable that conversation was repellent.

Helen drew in her line dreamily, scowled ferociously at finding the bait intact and dropped it back again into the smooth green water. Then she folded her wet, brown hands on the gunwale and stared thoughtfully across the harbor. She was very lovely. The sun made glints of copper in her brown hair. Behind her, half a mile away, was the beach, golden in the morning sunlight; above it the green-clad bluff, topped by the hideous, veranda-mad hotel. Over all was a cloudless blue sky. About us was the sea, green around the boat, blue further away, shot with dazzling flecks and burs of sunlight.

From the beach came the soft hus-s-sh of the tiny waves. Afar off a locomotive shrieked shrilly. Seven silvery chimes floated across from the gleaming white yacht in front of the clubhouse, and were echoed over and over by smaller craft. Under my head the lazy swell lapped sleepily at the bow.

"I—I think you have a bite," said Helen, doubtfully.

I glanced at where my line was tied around a tholepin.

"Yes, I believe I have," I said.

"Aren't you going to see?" asked Helen.

I closed my eyes negatively.

"You're the laziest man I ever saw!" she said.

"Not lazy; philanthropic. I am giving a little fishie a nice breakfast."

Helen watched my line. Presently she sighed, "It's all over."

I shuddered and closed my eyes again. After a minute or two the end of the painter began to dig into my back, and I stirred uncomfortably and looked at Helen. She was observing me intently from two very wide open blue eyes. She laughed softly.

"I thought I could do it," she triumphed.

"It was the painter," I denied, indignantly.

"Very well," she replied, soothingly. "Let's make-believe."

"All right; go ahead."

She scowled until she had two creases over her nose, and looked at me as though I wasn't there; then she said, "We are shipwrecked."

"The deuce!" said I.

"Yes; three days out from—from—"

"Morris Cove?"

"Liverpool," she continued, frowning. "We ran into a terrible storm, which dismantled us."

"Oh, well, we can do without mantels," I comforted.

"Both masts went by the board and the captain and second officer and the entire crew were swept overboard in a heavy sea."

I shuddered. "He owed me three dollars," I mourned.

"He was a godless man," said Helen, severely.

"I beg your pardon?"

"He was a godless man. He was—ah—intoxicated at the time of the disaster. It was a judgment."

"It was," I affirmed. I shook my head sadly. Then I asked, "Where were we at that time?"

"In latitude 37½ west," said Helen, glibly.

"Must have been a bargain," I murmured.

"Shortly after," she continued, "the storm abated. Alone and unassisted you rigged a jury-mast."

"I did!" I assented, eagerly. I strove to look heroic, even going to the length of removing my pipe; then a natural generosity reproved me. "But you forget yourself," I charged; "you forget the—er—the splendid assistance you rendered me. You forget how, lashed to—er—lashed to a hen-coop, you labored bravely with me through the long watches of the night, and when morning dawned gray and cheerless over a tossing, leaden sea, you—"

"Nothing of the sort," she interrupted. "You forget that I am a passenger. I passed the awful hours in my stateroom, praying for morning, expecting every moment to be the last."

"Oh," said I, "I had the wrong book; it's Clark Russell, isn't it?"

She paid no heed. With eyes fixed upon the distant horizon, she spoke on like a seer. "A spell of calm weather followed."

"It did," I said, humbly. "I saw it following."

"Hourly we scanned the ocean for sight of a sail. Once—" She paused; her voice broke with emotion. "Once, far in the distance, low down on the horizon—"

"I thought it was horizon?"

"We sighted a speck, a faint blur against the immensity of the empty world. All day we watched it, eating nothing, silently praying that it might change its course and come to our rescue. Yet when night came down we were once more alone in the vast darkness."

"Or dark vastness," I offered, helpfully.

"When morning dawned again the speck was no longer there. A frightful loneliness, an awful hopelessness, came over us."

"It—they did."

"Yet you were brave, so brave!" She looked at me admiringly. What could I say? I waved a hand carelessly and smoothed my tie.

"While there's life there's hope," I murmured.

"You bade me keep up my courage. Ah, I needed your comfort then! Life was very empty for a while. You—"

"Well, you had me," I reminded.

"Then—then the food gave out."

"What?"

"Starvation stared us in the face."

"No, no!" I cried. "Not that! Anything but that!"

"The barrel which we had believed held—held plumduff and—and—"

"Deviled kidneys!"

"Hard tack—"

"Oh!"

"We discovered to be filled only with—"

"Crullers," I said, imploringly.

"With—with dumb-bells!"

"Dumb-bells? Why dumb-bells?" I asked, coldly.

For an instant she looked nonplussed. Then she said, falteringly, "I don't know. They—they were part of the cargo, I think."

"Maybe she's a training ship," I suggested.

Helen blinked.

"Starvation stared us—"

"You said that once."

"With a groan you covered your face with your hands—"

"Yes, yes," I cried. "Then, like a flash, I remembered that in the captain's cabin I had seen a box of beefsteak and onions. With an exclamation of joy I dashed headlong down the companionway. The box was still there. Seizing a large, thick steak, I hurried to the galley—"

"You're quite wrong," interrupted Helen, inexorably. "Hunger has gone to your brain. You've had nothing to eat for three days, and—"

"No, no, please! Not three days! One, if you must, but not—"

"For three weary days," she insisted. I groaned aloud, and passed a trembling hand across the front of my shirt. It was true! The pangs of hunger were already biting. I looked longingly toward the shore.

"But that was not the worst!"

"Stop, stop!" I beseeched.

"The next day we drank the last of our meager store of water. Then indeed death hovered nigh."

"Tell me one thing," I begged, in broken whispers. "The—the cask of Burgundy, vintage of '78, and the two dozen bottles of Scotch whisky in the captain's cupboard, they—they were still there?"

Helen looked across at me pityingly, and shook her head. With an anguished cry I hid my face in my hands.

"We found the cask stove in and the bottles broken to atoms."

"Did we?" I muttered, vacantly. "I had forgotten."

"Without food and water—"

"'Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink!'" I gibbered.

"For three days we have drifted over a cruel, glassy sea, under a burning pitiless sky."

"Pitiless sky," I echoed, with parched lips.

"And yet—and yet through it all there has been one thing to comfort us, one bright spot in the darkness of despair."

I looked toward her eagerly. "I knew it! I knew it! There was one bottle saved! He had hidden it in his bunk!"

"Hush," she said.

I sank back again, weak and dispirited.

"And that," she continued, with a wrapt, dreamy expression in her eyes, "and that was our love for each other."

"Eh?"

"And that was our love for each other," repeated Helen, softly.

"Oh—er—yes; that, of course!" I said, hurriedly.

"What though we had known each other less than a fortnight? Love—"

"What though?" I murmured.

"Love is not born of time. It may blossom in a day, an hour, a minute!"

"A second!"

"So with our love." She paused, and looked dreamily over the sea. Was she, too, thinking of luncheon? But no. "We loved each other at first sight."

"We did," I affirmed heartily.

Helen faltered; her eyelids fluttered; a tinge of pink crept over her hunger-pallid cheeks.

"Yet you would never have spoken had not Fate thrown us alone together here thousands of miles from shore."

I glanced startledly toward the beach. It was not there! In a panic my eyes swept the horizon. Thank heaven! It was over my left shoulder! The tide had swung the dory around.

"For there was a gulf between us," Helen continued. "I was an heiress, and you were merely a second officer."

"Oh, I say!" I demurred.

"But danger brought us together Position, wealth, all else was forgotten. We loved each other; that was enough."

"Quite," I said, with satisfaction.

"There, with the tempest howling in our ears, tossed about by the angry waves, alone on the ocean, the seal of silence was broken. Danger drew us together. You spoke. Wrapped in each other's arms, for a time all was forgotten. Love held our souls."

"Er—did I—that is, well, did I kiss you?"

"No," said Helen sharply.

"Oh." I considered. "Not even one tiny, little kiss?"

"No." Helen considered. "Well, perhaps one very, very small one," she allowed.

"I thought I remembered it," I answered, brightly. "And did you—er—"

"But then came the awakening," she hurried on.

"Oh, we woke up?" I asked.

"Suddenly a gust of wind forced us apart—"

"Cruel wind!" I sighed, dolorously.

"And with a loud report the sail was torn into ribbons!"

"A ribbon sale?" I inquired.

"The rain fell in torrents, the lightning flashed across the sky. At the mercy of the elements, our frail bark was borne onward at awful speed. Suddenly above the sound of wind and wave the roaring of the surf upon the shore reached our ears. The moment of supreme peril was at hand! A flash of lightning, more intense than any heretofore, lighted up the scene. Before us, scarce a cable's length away, rose a towering cliff of jagged rock. Below it the surf dashed high, as though hungry—"

"Eh?"

"As though hungry for its prey And in the weird light I saw your face. Ah, never shall I forget it! It was—"

"Maybe I hadn't shaved," I murmured, extenuatingly.

"Calm with a high and noble courage."

"Ah!"

"You took me in your arms. Our lips met in one last, long kiss. Terror passed from my heart. I was content to have it so. Silently we waited. Then with a crash and shock that threw—"

The crash came! Helen shrieked. I struggled to my knees. Watson's launch was digging its nose into the dory, and Watson was grinning down at us.

"Hello, you folks! Asleep? I want you to come aboard for lunch. I'll tow—"

I struggled to my feet, threw myself into the launch, and seized Watson's knees.

"Saved! Saved!" I sobbed.—Woman's Home Companion.

JOHN WESLEY'S INFLUENCE.

His Immense Personal Power Was Used With Singular Wisdom and Liberality.

Even upon the manners of the English people no man of his century had so much influence. It was peculiarly fortunate that the leader of a great popular movement united with intense religious earnestness the tastes of the scholar and the instincts of the gentleman, writes C. T. Winchester in "Wesley's Days of Triumph" in the Century. He never felt it necessary to vulgarize his teaching or to make any concessions to coarseness. In his spotless linen, his cossack, his black hose and silver shoe buckles, he was a model of scrupulous precision in personal attire; and his oft-quoted saying, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," well expresses the almost fastidious habit of the man. His dignified, yet gentle courtesy, his refined self-possession, made his very presence an example and an inspiration.

And it should be said that Wesley used his immense personal influence with singular wisdom and liberality. He had in his hands control of the whole system of Methodist discipline; but he did not attempt to bind the members of his societies by narrow or rigid rules, still less to impose upon them arbitrarily his own judgments. He was anxious only that Methodists should be good Christians. On doubtful matters he did not prescribe or prohibit, but left the decision in such cases where it belongs—with the individual conscience. In an admirable sermon on amusements, after admitting that much may be said for the drama—he was a lover of dramatic literature himself, and used to advise his preachers to read plays that they might cultivate a natural mode of speech—he decides that, for himself, he could not go to the theater or play at cards with a clear conscience; but he adds: "Possibly others can; I am not obliged to pass any sentence on them that are otherwise minded; I leave them to their own Master; to Him let them stand or fall." His successors have not always been so wise.

Too Tempting.

Miss Arabella Paxton had long since said good-by to her youth, but nobody had accused her of doing it with resignation, relates Youth's Companion.

"What were you thinking of to start Cousin Arabella off in that merry-go-round," asked Mrs. Jennings at the county fair. She had just received her dizzy and disheveled relative at the end of a trip on the flying horses.

"You needn't look so severe at me," said Mr. Jennings, reproachfully, when Cousin Arabella had been deposited on a settee and left to recover her equilibrium. "She heard a woman say the machine was enough to scare anybody out of ten years' growth, and after that she was possessed to ride in it."

He Knew.

He is a young man and he has recently come from one of the country towns up the state to make his fortune in the city. At present he is employed in a well-known department store, and, while his salary is small, it ought to be enough for him to live well until he has a raise. So his minister thinks, at any rate. To him the young man was complaining the other evening.

"Remember, my boy," said the clergyman, "there are things in life better than money."

"Yes, I know that," replied the young man, briskly, "but it takes money to buy them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HAWAIIAN FAITH CURISTS.

Sect Numbering Between Three and Four Thousand Members Has Strange Beliefs.

Older even than Mother Eddy and her Christian Science is the faith cure of the Hawaiians. They lately celebrated its semi-centennial, and at this observance some remarkable stories of cures by faith, prayer and fasting were told. From one extreme the natives have gone to the other, says a Honolulu report. The old kahunas belived, and the natives with them, that they could pray a person to death. The belief of the "Hoomano Naauao," as it is called in the vernacular, is that with prayer life may be prolonged and by faith in God all evil may be cured.

There are no frills to the native Christian Science church, though they do not call themselves by that name. They say they have beliefs somewhat similar to Mother Eddy, but that they antedate her by many years. They believe in the Bible, every word of it, and that governs all their actions. Those at the head of the church believe sincerely that cures may be effected by faith and cite some wonderful cures. One of the alleged cases is that of Delegate Wilcox, who came home from Washington in a dying condition. The doctors could do nothing for him and said he had only a few weeks to live. Two men always accompanied him when he went out. Then the faith curists took him in charge, and now they say he is getting well and strong. Wilcox himself denies the story that he joined the faith cure church. He is a Catholic now.

These natives differ from the Christian Scientists in at least one particular—they do not object to any of the faith calling in a doctor or using medicine in case of necessity. By this means they also manage to keep out of the clutches of the law. They say that if a man hasn't sufficient faith to depend upon God alone for a cure, he can call in a physician. But they say there is a difference between the spiritual and the material and that God punishes the spirit, not the body. When the spirit weakens the body weakens. They say that it is God punishing those who are unwell, and that doctors cannot effect a cure, it must come from God. To those that are without sufficient faith they will give treatment for five days, during which time doctors and medicines are eschewed. If the faith cure doesn't have any effect in that time the medicines may be resumed. Of course, there is no telling what may happen during the five days that medical treatment has been stopped.

"Our religion is for the poor and the sick—for the poor that have no money for medicine," says Rev. J. Kekipi, the leader of the sect. "We can cure all that have faith. Leprosy, tumors, broken legs, consumption, everything may be cured without medicine. Many lepers have we made clean."

The members of this sect number between 3,000 and 4,000, and a campaign to enlist all natives within its membership is to be started as a result of the semi-centennial anniversary.

TEACHING FILIPINOS.

Colored Graduate of Yale Relates Something of His Experience in the Work.

An interesting phase of the Yale experiment in sending students as teachers to the Philippines lies in the unusual success which has come to Frederick Douglas Bonner, Yale '01, a colored graduate of this city, reports the New York Tribune. Bonner was a high stand man in his class, and has already made a signal success of his work in the Philippines. Capt. Lowe, of this city, stationed at Lubig, province of Zambeles, Luzon, in which town Mr. Bonner took a school, recently said, while home on a visit, that Bonner's school was regarded by Superintendent Atkinson, of the Philippines school system, as "the best in the islands." And this was partly because of the color of the teacher. "The Filipinos are all dark," said Capt. Lowe, "and are a little distant to white men. A colored teacher with an American college education is bound to meet with great success in the islands. It is a great opportunity for the college-bred American negro."

Mr. Bonner's letters home are of unusual interest in their detail of the life of the Yale teachers in the Philippines. In them he says:

"The two pictures which I send show me with my school and the kind of a house we American teachers live in. It is one of the very best houses in the town. It is a 'Nipa Shaka' house, with a bamboo floor built three feet above the ground on account of the rains. My furniture is bamboo also. The house has five large, airy rooms and is quite swell; it is considered 'mucho bueno.' I have for servants a cook and a boy ('mucha cho'), who is one of my best pupils. The cook is a necessary ornament, as he can buy cheaply in the market. My living expenses are little, as the native land owners, who are very friendly, bring me oranges from their groves, bananas, cocoanuts, chocolate, rice and crabs, and all of these things are to be found in great profusion all around here. From the front of my house I can see wild game every day on the mountains and even close to the village. I have often counted as many as 100 deer right around here. Subig is a port and the ocean lies close to the town.

"My daily life is full of occupation with my teaching. Besides my school, which now consists of 120 scholars, I have taken a normal school class evenings, and twice a week I have visits from the chief native dignitaries who want lessons in English. I was surprised to find how quick the little Filipinos are to learn. When they get to be 15 years old they are not so bright, and after that it is hard work teaching them anything. I have regular classes with the elite ladies of the district, some of whom are quite wealthy, according to local standards, and after the lessons they play their guitars.

A Concession.

"You used to speak disparagingly of the school of acting."

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "But that was some time ago. I am now prepared to say that it should be encouraged as an offset to the prize ring in preparing people for the stage.—Washington Star.

Pitied Jack.

Edyth—Yes, I have decided to marry Jack for the purpose of reforming him.

Mayme—Poor fellow! Is he really in need of such heroic treatment?—Stray Stories.

OIL FUEL IN HAWAII.

It Is Preferred as a Complete Substitute for Coal on the Islands.

The substitution of crude oil as fuel in place of coal in Hawaii is proving an unqualified success, according to the Honolulu Advertiser. On Maui and Haiku, Paia, Hawaiian Commercial and Kihei plantations are using oil. On this island Kahuku, Waialua, Oahu and Honolulu are using it and Ewa will be in a few weeks. In this city the Young building is burning oil and recently the Rapid Transit company converted all of its furnaces into oil burners. So far as reported the change is working satisfactorily on all of the plantations with a uniform reduction in cost of, approximately, 30 per cent.

In addition to the saving in dollars, oil fuel has three distinct advantages over coal. First, it requires much less labor to handle it. This is a serious consideration on the plantations, where every labor-saving device and process should be fostered, as the means of meeting the demand for labor. Any machine, device or process which enables one man to do the work of two, even though its operation costs as much as the two men do, is a distinct advantage, as it reduces the requirements for laborers by 50 per cent in connection with that particular work. This is an important consideration now and it may in the future prove most vital.

Second. It is a clean fuel. Instead of a grimy, dusty and disagreeable spot, such as the regulation coal firing room is, where oil is in use the fire room becomes a show place, as clean as a parlor, while the one fireman wears a "biled shirt" and a standing collar if his tastes run that way.

Third. It is smokeless. Not comparatively so, but absolutely smokeless. If any smoke issues from the smokestack it is proof positive that there is some defect in the burner used or in the arrangement of the furnace. An inspection of the Rapid Transit furnace and smokestack will demonstrate this fact to anyone who desires to prove it.

The last-named advantage is of great importance in Honolulu. With only soft coal available, even the few fuel-using concerns in town were becoming a serious nuisance to all in their immediate neighborhood. A few more years of development would have made us a Pittsburg, so far as the smoke nuisance is concerned. No smoke producer in Honolulu can hereafter plead that he cannot prevent it.

With cheapness, economy of labor, cleanliness and abolition of smoke in its favor there does not seem to be any reason why oil should not at an early date entirely supersede coal in Hawaii as a power-producing fuel.

A MANILA PALACE.

Former Home of Spanish Admiral Now Occupied by Nurses in American Service.

The "nurses' quarters" in Manila is a palatial structure of Spanish and Moorish architecture, about 100 feet square, set in a garden of palms, mango and banana trees, in the heart of the residential portion of the city. It was formerly the home of the Spanish admiral whose fleet Dewey destroyed, says the New York Tribune, and the interior is a maze of marble stairways and colonnades, mosaic floors and hardwood chairs, inlaid with mother of pearl. Unlike most Manila houses, this one has both an outer and an inner court. In the latter, a fountain plays night and day, keeping the air cool and the surrounding vines and plants moist and fresh. The doors are all double, and each contains a panel or small door, which is opened at night. The windows are from ceiling to floor. Glass is very hard to get in Manila, and so oyster shells, specially prepared, are used for the widow panes. These are about two inches square, and something like a hundred are used for each pane. Carpets are also an unknown quantity in that tropical world, and even drapings are seldom seen. Very little plaster is used throughout this building, but on account of the ravages of the troublesome white ant, hardwood is everywhere, and banana leaves and petroleum are used to polish it. The native boy, "el muchacho," has a unique way of going about this. Hands, back or knees do not figure in his method. Wrapping his polishing material about his bare feet he cheerily skates over the entire floor in a very short time. This interesting palacio, from which floats the stars and stripes, is owned by a wealthy Chino, to whom the American government pays 100 Mexican dollars a month as rental.

Two Sorts of Filipinos.

The Filipinos appear to be divided sharply into two classes, which, after all, are really one. One class professes loyalty. Some of this class are really as loyal as they can be; others are buenos hombres during the day, only to foster rebellion at night. The other class is in open defiance of all our conceptions of law and order. Of the two classes, the latter is by far less dangerous. In the past year there have been perhaps a hundred convictions of individuals to death and life imprisonment for open rebellion; a few days ago one judge passed sentences of death and various terms of duress, from life imprisonment down to a year or so, on 200 of the outlaws. But of those receiving the heavier punishments, several were of the outwardly loyal class, men who secretly fomented insurrection and ladronism.—Arthur Stanley Riggs, in Atlantic.

Care of Porto Rico's Blind.

Five years ago Porto Rico, after 400 years of Spanish occupation, was without an asylum for the blind, though there are over 2,000 poor blind persons in the island. Now it has one such asylum erected at a cost of $22,000, and paid for out of the revenues of the island.—Washington Star.

A Matter of Environment.

"Sir," began the beggar, approaching a promenader on Bongtong square, "I am in distress—"

"Here's a nickel for you," said the promenader, proffering the coin.

"Pardon me," replied the beggar scornfully, "but I cannot accept anything less than a dime on a fashionable street like this."—Philadelphia Press.

Pleasures and Mushrooms.

"Pleasures,' said Uncle Eben, "is a good deal like mushrooms. De right kind is fine, but you has to be on de lookout foh toadstools."—Washington Star.

THE WOOD AND THE CLOWN.

Find Another Man.

A Countryman entered a Wood, and looked about him as though he were in search of something. The Trees, moved by curiosity, asked him what it was he wanted. He answered that all he wanted was a piece of good tough ash for a handle to his ax. The Trees agreed, that, if that was all, he could have it. When, however, he had got it, and fitted it to his ax, he laid about him unmercifully, and the giants of the forest fell under his strokes. The Oak is said to have spoken thus to the Beech in a low whisper: "Brother, we must take it for our pains."

MORAL—No people are more justly liable to suffer than those who furnish their enemies with any kind of assistance.

PERILS OF THE STOKER.

His Days Down in the Depths of the Great Ocean Liner Full of Danger.

Life among the stokers on board an Atlantic liner is described by a contributor who put in a voyage as an amateur coal trimmer. As a coal trimmer, he says, I had to wheel my barrow through a narrow tunnel, fill it with coal from the bunker, wheel it back again, empty it at the stokers' feet and keep on until the watch was over, but this apparently simple occupation was not without its perils, says the Royal Magazine.

The glass cylinders which show the depth of water in the boilers may burst twice a day, but save for an occasional scalding a man is not often injured by this. Far more serious are the consequences of his opening the doors of his furnace without first shutting off his forced draft. A careless man—perhaps one who has boarded the ship the worse for liquor—may, on starting his watch, forget to shut off the three checks at the side of the furnace which regulate this detail. On opening the door a blinding draft will fly into his face and probably scorch him frightfully.

There is no limit to the number of minor casualties. As I trimmed at my barrow the ship would give a sudden lurch, and my spade would fly out of my hand. If I wheeled it through the tunnel without knocking my head against the side I considered myself fortunate. With the roll of the ship tools would fly about in all directions. A rake which had been lying idle at one side of the stokehold would come violently sliding toward one. If you stood in the neighborhood of a hatch anything might come suddenly down on your head. Perhaps a shovel has been mislaid somewhere above, so down it would come with a crash.

During a gale it was no unusual thing for a miniature Niagara to rush down the ventilator and drench anyone who happened to be standing near. A sea, too, will sometimes alight on a mass of clinkers and save the trimmer his task of extinguishing them, scalding him and his neighbors the while by an upward rush of steam. The stock dinner dish in the stokehold is "hoodle," a mixture of meats, potatoes and soup. For breakfast, hash; for tea, meat—of a kind—and bread.

At eight every night the chief steward sends the men on the watch just over a huge tin containing the leavings from the saloon passengers' dishes. It is received from the steward by a trimmer—who no doubt gets his first whack at some dainty morsel. Meat, fish, mayonnaise of lobster, green vegetables, pastry, tarts, fat from joints are all jumbled together in a mixture of gravy and soup. As to who gets which is a matter of physical contest. The "blackies" simply rush for the pan, and sometimes topple over the trimmer in charge before he has had a chance himself.

Expensive Italian Law.

Italy seems to hold the record of late years for expensive law. Antona Traversa, a merchant of Milan, died three years ago, leaving behind him a fortune of $3,000,000 and a will which displeased certain of his heirs. They disputed it, and the more they did so, the more heirs came to the fore. Eventually when the case was called for trial no fewer than 105 lawyers were found to have been briefed to represent the various litigants. So great were their expenses that when all was settled $2,000,000 was divided among them in fees, while the heirs had to be content with the remaining $1,000,000.

Streak of Luck.

Paddock—I went over to the races today, and didn't have anything but good luck.

Burleigh—Picked all the winners, eh?

"No; but when I reached the track I discovered that I had left all my money at home in my other trousers, so I didn't lose a cent."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dentists for School Children.

Since last October the children in the public schools of Strassburg have had a chance to have their teeth taken care of free, the city paying the dentists. Among 10,661 children, only 165, or a trifle more than one per cent, were found to have sound teeth.

Mexican Cotton Mills.

The development of Mexico's cotton mills is steadily growing. Mexican cotton goods are already successfully exported to Central and South America, in competition with European goods.

PROPERTIES OF RADIUM.

Remarkable Power Contained in the Most Wonderful Substance in the World.

Radium makes amends for its scarcity by its remarkable properties. A little of it goes a long way. It is so highly luminous that print can be read by its light. Curiously enough, it possesses the power of imparting its own luminosity to other bodies which in their normal state are quite inactive, says an account in Woman's Home Companion. A mere fraction af a grain in solution poured from one vessel to another imparts to each considerable activity, which persists for some time, even after both vessels are washed in the usual way. The property is similar to that of a grain of musk, which imparts its odor to every article of clothing in a wardrobe, although there has been no material contact. So powerful is the photographic action of radium that it is capable of penetrating black paper and other opaque objects as readily as sunlight passes through clear glass. Its chemical action is no less energetic and remarkable. Oxygen is transformed into ozone; yellow phosphorous is converted into red phosphorous.

The physiological effect of radium is such that we should, perhaps, be thankful that large quantities of the material cannot be readily obtained. For six hours Prof. Curie carried in his waistcoat pocket a small tube containing a very small quantity of radium. A few days later a sore developed, which healed only after seven weeks had elapsed. The constant handling of radium is attended with inflammation of the fingers. Held against the temples of a blind man, radium will so affect the retina that the sensation of light is produced. In normal persons the experiment if prolonged will result in paralysis of the optic nerve. Applied to the unprotected nerve-centers of small animals, the rays produce paralyzing effects which kill.

Radium destroys the germinating power of seeds, kills the larvae of butterflies, and has such a bactericidal effect that it may find a wide use in the cure of certain skin disease. Indeed, in one of the Parisian hospitals it has been employed with results quite as remarkable as those obtained by Finsen with ultra-violet rays. Diamonds are rendered phosphorescent, and can thus be readily distinguished from paste imitations, which are not so sensitive to the rays.

Trials of the Inventor.

The other day 700 trunks arrived on an ocean steamer, and every one was fastened with a metal clasp, a sort of open-and-snap arrangement. A few years ago the inventor of that clasp was hawking it around the country and feeling miserable because no one had sense enough to buy it. Finally he obtruded himself upon a hardware man in Chicago, I think it was. The usual amount of cold water being thrown upon the patent, he was about to depart when the silent partner remarked: "That may be a useful thing. Come back here this afternoon and we'll talk about it." The talk resulted in its sale outright for $300. The firm introduced it to the trade in gross lots, and the profits to date are $500,000. The poor inventor.—N. Y Press.

Recognized It.

The man at the typewriter, during a lull in the clicking of the telegraph instrument, which had been giving off news from the Balkans, idly hammered out this line, to see if his machine was all right:

Zxcvbnm, asdfghijl; qwertyuioppoiutre!

He neglected to erase it when the telegraph instrument started up again. The conscientious compositor set it up, and the proofreader carelessly let it go through.

Next day the editor sent for the proofreader.

"Can you explain that?" he demanded.

"I'm not sure," said the proofreader, "but it looks as if it might be a cry from Macedonia."—Chicago Tribune.

No Charge Made.

The London Mail recalls a supper party given two or three years ago in honor of the birthday of Mme. Amy Sherwin, on whose menu card the late Phil May made an exquisite little drawing. This was seen by a wealthy woman present, who sent the waiter with a ten pound note to the artist, asking him to do a similar drawing for her. Mr. May, disgusted at the woman's impertinence, took a good look at her and then made an appallingly truthful caricature of her fatures on the back of the bank note, which he returned.